

The Canadian Free Press

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

VOL. V.

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Note and Comment

So it seems we are not going to have a railway north from Edmonton after all.

The Saturday News has from the first had a haunting fear that this would be the final result of the political mixup of the past year. Accordingly it has kept before its readers the information on which it based the opinion that such a line was one of first importance, not only to Alberta, but in a national sense as well. But in doing so, it has been invariably met with the reply that there was no use arguing on that point, that few people denied what we said, that the objection was not to the enterprise but to the nature of the bargain which the late provincial government had determined to make. Mr. Boyle told us in the speech with which he led off the attack last February and with one or two exceptions the members of the House and the newspapers which supported him took exactly the same ground. We gave them credit for sincerity and did little worrying. So long as we didn't pay too much for our whistle, it made no difference what scheme was ultimately adopted. The important thing was to have the road built. So long as this was done, we could, taking a long look into the future, regard all these present squabbles as one of slight account.

Last week, when it was rumored that Mr. Sifton had determined to abandon the whole project and that a majority of the members of the House were willing to support him in doing so, we absolutely refused to credit the report. Now there is no longer any doubt and the prospects are that before another issue we shall have said good-bye to a number of years to what has for so long been the dream of the people of this part of the province and what we firmly believe would mean a new economic era to those of every other part.

It is unnecessary at this stage to repeat all that gives rise to this belief. We utterly fail to understand how anybody who has taken the trouble to make investigation for himself and who has not found a self object to serve in the matter can fail to recognize what such a line would mean. We are particularly at a loss to understand how any citizen of Edmonton can adopt an attitude of hostility to the project. But for the Trade of that territory which this line would tap there would be no such city as Edmonton. It is its strategic position in respect to the north country that has made it what it is up to the present and if this advantage is not followed up by the establishing of such communication as will enable thousands to make their homes where there are now scores, the bottom falls out of most of what we have been building our hopes for the future upon.

Such a railway must eventually be built. It is inconceivable that the development of a country served by three thousand miles of the finest inland waterway in the world can be permanently prevented by the failure to construct the 250 miles of railway that is necessary to bring it into easy touch with civilization.

But we are growing tired of living on hope. We have ample evidence that in that immense stretch of country are resources of every kind. The findings of the Senate committee which made investigation three years ago are conclusive on that point and their findings have been supported by the testimony of everyone who has gone north and seen for himself what it had to offer. In another part of this paper we have that of Ernest Thompson Seton, the distinguished naturalist. Last month Hon. Frank Oliver, whose newspaper, strange to say, has been one of the most important parts in burying the whole project, gave some of his observations to the Canadian Congress at Asiniboia. He said that the country north as far as Port Simpson, and even away beyond that, up the Liard River, he saw no reason why grain and cattle could not be raised much as they are on the prairie.

The Senate Committee reported deposits of coal, oil, silver, gold, native salt, sulphur, ochre, and suitable for glass making. They were certain that with the rivers and lakes teeming with fish that an important fishing industry would spring up with the establishment of communication.

Mr. Stewart, Dominion surveyor, is reported at finding tree growth suitable for commercial purposes extending as far north as the Liard River. In the Mackenzie basin he found white spruce, tamarac, jack pine and balsam. The white poplar, he declared, was better than that to be found in the Ottawa district. The Geological survey has developed particular attention to the tar sands along the Athabasca and in its report of four years ago points out

the many uses to which the material can be put. "The tar sands," the report states, "evidence an upwelling to the surface of petroleum unequalled elsewhere in the world."

This is merely a skimming over of the mass of testimony that is available. If ever a short railway line was justified, it is that to Port McMurray. We want it now, not after the major part of whose interests are tied up with this country are in their graves. We want, moreover, to make sure that this immensely valuable hinterland will add to the growth of Alberta not to that of another province. A glance at the map will show that, though up to the present communication with Mackenzie has been by way of Edmonton, there is no reason why it need be so. The railway for the north commences at Battleford, is almost exactly the same distance from Port McMurray as Edmonton is, while Prince Albert is but a short distance further. When a railway strikes either of these places, traffic will be much more

very worst. The Saturday News has all along had the greatest confidence in Mr. Sifton, but if he really intends to persist in the policy which is attributed to him, he stamps himself as a man quite unworthy of the high responsibilities entrusted to him and it is to be hoped that a sufficient number of members of the Legislature will yet be found to block him in his designs. It is understood that he will excuse himself on the ground that he could not get the proper people to take over the road. We await with interest his statement on that point. But in any case, this is no barrier to the project. There is the resort to government construction, a policy which great many think in view of the success which the Ontario government has had in connection with a very similar enterprise should have been adopted in the first place. The important question is to raise the money and with the money already available for the purpose this can be done without much trouble.

We have come to a very acute crisis in our history. The question must not be made a party question or we invite disaster. Public opinion must express itself in no uncertain fashion within the next few days. More than the blighted altitudes of a handful of public men are at stake. The welfare of every

of the country, not the production of revenue should be the sole object in view. But there is no reason why those who obtain rights in connection with the disposal of timber, minerals and fisheries should not contribute very largely to public revenue. The Bulletin intimates that Ontario and British Columbia have been held back because this principle has been enforced. In what way? Would it allow private capital to go ahead and exploit the resources without returning any proportion whatever to the people from whom they have obtained them? They have helped out the provincial treasury in each case to a considerable extent. In Ontario in 1908, they produced revenue to the extent of nearly two and a half million dollars. Deducting the cost of administration, this practically equals the whole amount received from the Dominion government. In British Columbia the revenue from the public domain exceeded three million dollars, while the subsidy from the Dominion was only a million.

The only valid excuse for leaving the cost of the Dominion government at the time of the province, was that if it would also have to take over the cost of promoting immigration,

Jasper's Note Book

Two months before a municipal contest, the newspapers are full of talk about probable candidates. So many names are mentioned that one reaches the conclusion that with so large a choice a council, that will be all that is to be desired must inevitably be secured. A month later the majority of those who have been mentioned have declared that they cannot possibly run. Almost up till nomination day, the field is a small one and then at the last moment enough to face the starter to make a fairly interesting race. This is the experience in the average year. It certainly promises to be that of this year. Ald. Garney announced last week that he would not be a candidate either for the majority or for the board of aldermen. His retirement will cause regret. He has been a very active and intelligent member of the council and has placed the citizens under a considerable debt of gratitude to him. Mayor Lee, before that, intimated that he had no intention of standing for a third

and useless term. He is always a welcome visitor to Edmonton and his address before the Canadian Club was stimulating to a rare degree. The same observation applies to those which Mr. Condon, the member for the Yukon, gave the Saturday before. Each was most effective but in different ways. By Robertson is brimming over with ideas for his method of presenting this is insurance. Mr. Condon's was a model of close, reason d'urgence.

"We have found your buildings the largest and finest we have met with in any city of this size, although we have seen some large buildings in other cities we have visited," declared Mr. Armstrong of the Technical Education Commission, when in Edmonton the other day. He declared that in his experience to the schools and there is little doubt that he means what he says. The system that has been followed here has failed lamentably. Considering all that the future holds for it, in making adequate provision for the development in store but there is one department in which our people have been fully alive to their responsibilities and that is in connection with the schools. We are under a great debt to the men who have directed the work of the department of education and what they have accomplished should lead to the establishment of other boards to look after other interests. Decentralization along these lines usually works out admirably. If the city hall authorities understood the needs of the schools, in addition to performing all their other duties, would we have the system that is in vogue in some justifiable pride? On the same principle, a public library board has been formed. Why should we not have a park board with a definite appropriation? In a growing city like Edmonton, it is monstrous that the needs of the city have been so long overlooked. Without delay we must determine to spend prevailing open spaces for the people and the money to secure the establishment and administration of these is to follow the course that I have indicated.

How much more wide-awake than Edmonton Strathcona has been in its park policy is the cause of frequent comment. The South bank is bound, as a result, to be by all odds more attractive than the residential purposes. The good work is being continued, the Strathcona Council having purchased the purchase of the Agricultural Society grounds for use as a recreation park. The amount paid was \$3600, whereas five years ago the purchase could have been made for \$3,600, according to the Mainlander.

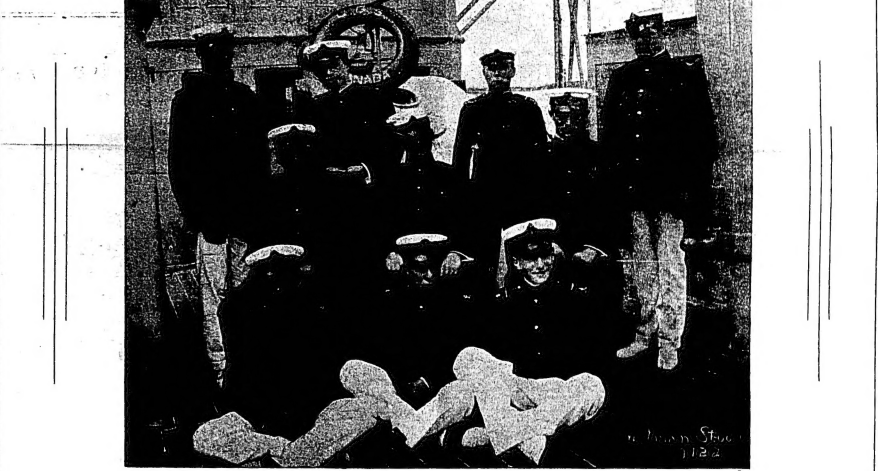
These figures serve to illustrate the folly of delay in such matters. It is well that Edmonton purchased the park properties that it has in five years ago. How valuable an asset that is in the east end has grown to be all who visited the Exhibition last Summer knew, while population is rapidly spreading out towards the other. The Gibbons property, purchased later, will probably prove the best investment of the three. It is very fortunate that we have seen open space in a city that has followed a policy of purchase had been adopted at the time these purchases were made, the city could easily have been many hundreds of thousands of dollars to the good, as well as being in a position to look after its growing population much better. What are needed most of all are small breathing spots in the central portions of the city.

The Vancouver Province announces on its editorial page that Edmonton and Strathcona have united. Let us hope the paper at the coast is just a trifle premature.

Your commercial traveller is a wide-awake proposition. No one is better able to distinguish between the two than the man whose finger is upon the "pulse industrial" day in and day out. It occurred recently to a number of our friends in the Western Canada that those who worked so steadily and contributed so materially to the country's commercial development might plan to share with others the advantage of increasing real estate values in a few years. There was therefore, formed the Commercial Travellers' Investment Company, Limited, with a capitalization of \$100,000, the head office being in St. Louis.

The officers are: W. A. Clemens, president; Stuart, Sons & Co. president; J. Noel Nivin, of the Ashdown Co., vice-president; J. P. Mur-

THE FIRST CANADIAN MIDSHIPMEN



The above picture shows the seven Canadian midshipmen, transferred from the "Canada" to the "Niobe" on the arrival of the latter at Halifax on October 27th, with three of their officers. Their names, reading from left to right, are: Standing—Mr. Charles T. Beard, Mr. P. S. G. W. G. Wright, Seated on chairs—Mr. Fortier (first lieutenant), Captain Stuart, and Mr. Woods (second lieutenant). Seated on floor—Mr. H. Trennick Bate, Mr. Percy W. Nelles, and Mr. John Augustin Barron.

eastern centres than it would be in view of Edmonton.

Both have been awake to the possibility. The man who was responsible for the Senate investigation was a life citizen of Prince Albert, Senator Davis, and he has the need of looking to the north before the people there.

Once the wealth of the north has been given of Saskatchewan, it will be with the utmost difficulty that it can be diverted in our direction.

It is no small responsibility that those who follow Mr. Sifton will take upon themselves. The line to the Peace River, which we are told is to be rushed ahead is no equivalent for what we shall be giving up, desirable though it is. It means the opening up of new agricultural areas by nothing more. The establishment of communication with the Mackenzie basin, by an association of individuals, must maintain, give our credit a body blow from which it will take long years to recover. All those who propose to make investments of capital on the strength of the good faith of the province will be warned from the experience of the men who have put their money into this enterprise. The money was borrowed by an association of individuals for a specific purpose. The province is deliberately taking possession of these funds and diversifying them to purposes altogether foreign to that for which they were obtained.

It is difficult to see how legal considerations can be avoided, but even if they are, the moral effect is of the

individual citizen will be affected by the decision which is reached and in such an emergency no false ideas of party loyalty or the possibility of accomplishing something in a pious political game, should be allowed to count.

The resolution of Mr. Bramley Moore calling on the Dominion to surrender to the province the control of the mineral, timber and fisheries of the province brought about a debate this week in the Legislature that was of not a little significance. The Conservatives rise to remark very aptly that this is what they have been demanding ever since autonomy was granted and ask why the control of lands should not be added. Mr. Michener on Tuesday made a very effective speech in support of this position. The premier announced that the government was already negotiating with the authorities at Ottawa with a view to securing the object of Mr. Moore's resolution.

The Edmonton Bulletin, discussing the resolution, says that the control of the public domain should not be a matter of revenue and that the only question is how it may best be administered to secure the development of the country. This is very remarkable as the Bulletin's further argument that we should be earning by the results in Ontario and British Columbia of the policy of making natural resources relieve taxation burdens. If the Dominion makes no money out of the control of the domain why is it that it makes a special grant to the province to be used for the purpose of revenue sustained through the withholding of its lands?

It has been accepted as the principle that in the case of purely agricultural land, the settlement

which had the free homestead as its basis. The assumption was that this would be carried out with the same energy and efficiency as the province would display on its own behalf, and also that the particular part of the public domain in Alberta was its agricultural land. Now we find that we cannot depend on the Dominion to do for us what we require. We are spending upwards of half a million dollars in promoting immigration work overseas. In addition we have awakened to the fact that the resources of the province are very much greater and more varied than we assumed at first. The Geological Survey for instance has reported that Alberta is by all odds the wealthiest province in the Dominion in respect to coal. Our timber areas are large. Our water powers are very considerable. Our northern lakes and rivers teem with fish.

With these facts before us, the time seems opportune for a move in the direction indicated by Mr. Moore's resolution. But if the Dominion consented to transfer the control of the resources which he names, the Dominion would be a considerable element in our taking over the land as well, placing us on the same basis exactly as the small farmers of British Columbia. That would be the logical result and there is no reason for shrinking from its consequences.

The speeches by Mr. Moore and Mr. Cornwall, on the former's resolution, indicate the temper of a very considerable element of Liberal members in regard to the administration of our affairs from Ottawa. Mr. Cornwall told of the impossibility of securing the interest of the department of the interior in develop-

(Continued on page four.)

(Continued on Page Four.)

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YOUTH AND LOVE.

The song—the rose—the star
With love and youth rejoice;
'Tis for the young that the song is sung.
That the rose is sweet and the star-light flung;
They are taught, they are taught to the old, they say—
The old have had their day.

But above the rose I see, is a face,
And behind the song, a voice,
And beyond the star is a soul afar
Where the shimmering leaves of this Life-tree are—
Where youth and love immortal stay
For the old who have had their day.
—Heloise Soule, in March Putnam's and the Reader.

You really must have part of it, at least, the pencil-scribbled note the Prairie Woman sent me back, as her train approached her own provincial boundaries.

So often we women write our real hearts out in such nastily pointed lines! From it you can glimpse, better, I know, than my own could tell you, some of the downy charm of this woman.

I had hinted that I must make "copy" of her. That a woman of her kind was too rare a thing for me to pass up, unnoticed.

Speeding along the line, I suppose it occurred to her that I might slip my pen too deep in the well of human kindness and appreciation, so she hurriedly sent back the following:

"Six months or a year's trial is not warrant enough to be brought before the Public. Rather wait until the public have recognized the venture as a success, not an experiment; I feel my responsibility to my own sex in this.

"I am representing the women of Manitoba in this particular branch of newspaper work, and failure would reflect on all. But I will not fail if I can help myself, of that you may be sure.

"If next year I can write you that I have made good financially, and to the year following, then you may know it is a success. If after that it is necessary for my Reginald to write my biography, she will say first that I was an abrupt person, second that I was inclined to be absent-minded, generally late for trains, had a little business ability, and when she has finished with all other qualities, she will write last of all, because it will be least of all, that was a journalist. I wish I had met you ten days before I did—(If so she might have taken me for a horrible example of what a journalist ought not to be, or do).

"—with an expression of her kindly appreciation of my love for my home and family—and 'may your woman's heart and womanliness always stand out as the most valuable and precious possessions of your life.' You see how a woman of good clear vision, can come in, and size up, in a moment, what imminent danger there is of my, and other women losing sight of the substance, while pursuing the shadow. For it is a shadow—worse—a dancing, vanishing provoking, luring Will-o-the-Wisp—this pursuit of anything but the love of home and a quiet mind.

As I look over this paragraph, it sounds like the advice of the big stellar actress, addressing the vast army of little Would-Be Stars, but I know, as I am true to myself, that what used to seem to me when a frivolous person, the worth-while things, are only ashes, and not worth a continental.

I know how much Success is worth. I know how it poisons the tongues of supposed friends. I know where Ambition lands one. I realize that all the money in the world of itself can't buy a penny's worth of happiness. I am as certain as that I am alive that the big things of life are the little things. A baby's smile, a kindly word.

Life at thirty, is with me, a different scheme of things than it was ten short years ago. Ten hence, I expect to be a fairly wise woman.

Did you see this week in a local paper, where a girl read Robert Chambers' "Ashes of Empire" and then tried to kill herself? Did you notice the preface of the book?

"Ashes of years of sin the sacrifice, Ashes of oaths and vows and prayers and lies;

Ashes of fool, and knave and worldly wise, Ashes of empire under ashen skies.

I have no such gloomy theory of life! I do not say what does it all amount to, anyway? You know the Chaur verse:

"Into this Universe, and why not knowing Nor whence, like Water with nelly flowing; I know not whither, willy-nilly idling in."

I feel rather like crying "A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste Of Being from the Well amid the Waste— Oh, make haste!"

For one is not so much the creature of circumstances as the victim of one's own lack of backbone. How I frittled last week! Whole days, one after another. Oh, but tonight, how deep I am getting in!

This is my Mirror, my own looking glass, and I will not let a Prairie Woman hold it up to me and say: "Look in; can't you see?" Go away, you

prairie child. Back to your deadly earnestness of living. Snooty over your press, and lie awake of nights trying to plan how to meet competition honestly, where most is deception and sharp practice. Write wisely of the things that lie nearest your heart. Be true to yourself, your Distaff Voice, your Passing Ship. Let me be.

When O. Henry died he was planning a book—always that one book that is never written, that song that never sung, the dream none wake to realize.

This novel was to preach no lessons, inculcate no moral, advance no theory. It was to be only the true record of a man's thoughts, his mischances and adventures, his true opinions of life as he had seen it, with his absolutely honest deductions of it all. Rousseau, Zola, George Moore and others vainly imagined that they had given the world such window-panes of heroes and heroines, but mostly they were liars and impostors, or poseurs and actors. Henry understood that all truth can not be told in print, he had no idea of making staid old girls sit up and take notice, or wicked club men settle more cosily down in their chairs. Oh no! but what he told he proposed should be nothing but the truth.

About the only chance to ever arrive at such an end, is by serving it up in fiction. Most autobiographies are one long string of polite lies, or malicious untruths. This is for his tale was briefly this, told in his own words:

"The hero of the story will be a man born and raised in a somewhat little Southern town. His education is about a common-school one, but he learns afterward from reading and life—I'm trying to give him a 'style' in narrative and speech—the best I've got in the shop. I'm going to take him through all the main phases of life—wild adventure, city, society, something of the 'under world,' and among many characteristic planes of the phases. I want him to acquire all the sophistication that experience can give him, and always preserve his individual honest human view, and have him tell the truth about everything."

It is time to say now, that by the "style" I don't mean the objectionable stuff that so often masquerades under the name. I mean true opinions, a true estimate of all things as they seem to the hero. If you find a word or a suggestive line or sentence in any of my copy, you cut it out and deduct it from the royalties.

"I want this man to be a man of natural intelligence, of individual character, absolutely open and broad-minded; and show how the Creator of the earth has got him in a rat-trap—put him here willy-nilly—and then I want to show what he does about it. There is always the eternal question from the primal source—"What are you going to do about it?"

"Please don't think for the half of a moment that the story is going to be anything of an autobiography. I have a distinct character in my mind for the part, and he does not at all

Well, that was the end of it. It should have been a fascinating tale. The true story of any life would be as much. How we seem doomed to have a certain drop in shadow across life's every window-pane!

Ladies, I commend them to you, these two sweet recipes, which appeared in Addison's famous publication, The Spectator, which show what the ladies of Queen Anne's time were purchasing for their beauty's sake. The old spelling and the eccentric capitalization add to the charm of the quaint wording.

The highest Compounded Spirit of Lavender

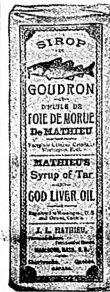
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(Continued on page six)

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HOME AND SOCIETY

I am going to put up the shutters and retire the "Wonder Shop" until after Christmas, at least.

There can be only two great big "wonders" until after December 25. I wonder what I can give, and I wonder what I'll get. In addition I wonder a good deal when I'll snatch time to make Christmas good things, and I suppose December 24 will find me still speculating.

I have a huge stock of political wonderings, and so have you. Whether they'll ever—those sphinx-like powers that be—publish the answers to the riddles, is as big a wonder, as any of them. In the meantime, sitting on the fence watching the circus, it is good sport, and food for vast wonderment and admiration, to see the jugglers juggling, and the snake-charmers getting in their fine work, and the clowns getting off their same old eggs, and the ring-masters cracking the whip.

How well some of the trained dogs come to heel.

Same old dazzling, sordid spectacle, with the same careless heartless crowd waiting to be amused.

On Monday afternoon "Belton Lodge" was the scene of a smart little Five o'clock, when Mrs. Cautley had a few friends in to meet Mrs. Bern Woods of Calgary. The pretty rooms were beautifully decorated with great white mums, the tea table also having a shower of the sturdy beauties.

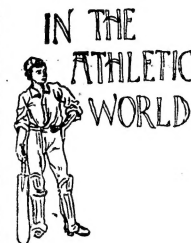
Mrs. Cautley received in a rich gown of some blue and green heavy figured silk, with white lace accessories, and pinnings of green silk, and Mrs. Woods looked very pretty in a terra cotta silk net blouse, tailored skirt and a jaunty turban to correspond.

It was such a delightful informal party, that the hostess poured her own tea, and all the guests assisted in looking after each other.

Among those present I noticed Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Horace Harvey, Mrs. Moore, a recent new-comer to town, Mrs. Movat Bigger, Mrs. James Bigger, Mrs. Percy Hardisty, and Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Nolan and Mrs. Sisley who came on late from a tea at Mrs. Carmichael's.

Mrs. Duncan Marshall is giving a dinner-party this Friday evening.

(Continued on page eight.)



IN THE
ATHLETIC
WORLD

It is very satisfactory to note that hockey is getting down to the right basis in Alberta. Astrong amateur league covering the whole province, was the sole salvation of the game. This I have urged for nearly five years in this column and last week we are to have it. It is absolutely necessary to keep a game alive to have a variety of matches and lots of them. It was surprising how long hockey was as popular in Edmonton with no other team to play except Strathcona. But interest soon waned, as was inevitable. Then came the professional era and the attempts to lift the Stanley Cup, which had nothing in keeping with genuine sport about them.

There has been a little talk about reviving the system but no enthusiasm has been manifested. The new league by having districts, formed of clubs within easy range of one another, the winners of which play off for the provincial championship, provides frequent contests, and avoids heavy expense. The great problem ahead of it will be to keep out the semi-professionalism, which hurt the Ontario Association to such a serious extent. No great effort can be made to keep it straight. Professionalism is objectionable but it is honest and above board. The lying and deception which has been indulged in to keep up a pretence of amateurism constitutes a sorrowful chapter in the history of Canadian sport.

The recent victory of Miss Cecelia Leitch over the well-known English amateur golfer, H. H. Hilton, makes one realise what progress women players have made in the game. In a 72 hole contest, Mr. Hilton allowing but a half a stroke a hole, Miss Leitch won by two up and one to play. Her endurance was a feature. At the third hole in the last round she was five down but won out on the seventeenth green. The score speaks for itself, but perhaps our own "duffers" will relish what K.O. an antagonist she would prove when it is stated that her drives went over 200 yards frequently and that on one 420 yard hole, practically the distance of the first on the Edmonton links, her second lay beyond the flag. Yet the English papers say that the present Canadian and U.S. champion, Miss Dorothy Campbell, who came to live in Hamilton last year after winning the British championship, could probably beat Miss Leitch. No wonder

the down-casters are enthusiastic over her play. One of them in the Toronto Globe, broke out into the following verse:

Oh Dolly, Dolly Campbell, you're a good 'un, club in hand.
You're a credit to your country
(though it's not your native land).

May your creak be aye effective and your driver ever true,
May you trim the Yankee golf girls,
for your country's hope's in you.

The ups and downs of a sportsman are, at times, very difficult to understand. Last year Yorkshire cricket was supposed to have made a great discovery in a young fellow named Drake. He carried everything before him. At the first of this season, a leading sporting paper thus referred to him: "Though best known as a professional footballer, Drake was a success in his first game. He bowls and bats left handed and it will be surprising if he

does not develop into another George Hirst. Drake has not made a failure in any one game in which he has taken part this season, for if he has not got wickets he has made most wonderful scores and seems to be the most promising man to come into the game for some time." But it only lasted for a few weeks. For the greater part of the season, he was kept on the team but never after could pull anything off. His scores were a constant succession of ducks and ones and twos. Finally

his name disappeared from the eleven. Will he come back? The question has a new significance in his case.

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is a wet proposition and more than half the time both you and the plumber are to blame. You've no business to hire a blacksmith to do your plumbing. If you get us, you're sure it's right.

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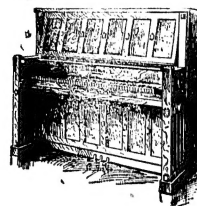
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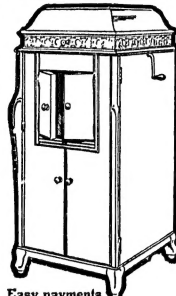
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Handsome 8-inch Cut-Glass Bowl

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A Pair of Ebony Military Brushes in a Leather Case for

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Special Ladies' 14kt Gold Case with a Waltham Movement

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These are only a few suggestions. We would be glad to tell you of a lot more.



38 Jasper Ave. W.

Music and Drama

In view of the fact that the Edmonton Dramatic Club intends to produce Jones' well known play at an early date, the following from a recent issue of the London Daily Mail is of interest:

"In 'The Liar' Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Sir Charles Wyndham, and Miss Mary Moore all give us their very best, so there is little need to say how good was the entertainment provided at the Criterion Theatre yesterday evening."

"It has one scene of superlative excellence, the scene which in its motive of misadventure gives the piece its title. This has been justly recognized as one of the most brilliant, perhaps the most brilliant piece of pure comedy elaborated upon our stage during the present generation."

"Besides Sir Charles Wyndham delectable and persuasive as ever in the disregarded reasoning of Sir Christopher, and Miss Mary Moore, delightfully irresponsible as the Lady Jessica who took the wrong turning, there were familiar acquaintances in Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. Thelberg Corbett, and Mr. Sam Sobern, with Miss Ella Jeffreys as a new Lady Rosamund."

A daughter of Mr. W. T. Stead has chosen the stage for a career, and the announcement is made by subject of an interesting article in the English Mail. Stead no year never went to a play. He wrote, at a long ago.

"I have never been in a theatre to see a stage play in my life. In our village home, in my father's manse, the theatre was considered as an open doorway to hell. I still remember two stories told me in those early days which illustrate so aptly the standpoint of the Puritan house."

"One was the familiar story of the early Christian who, having visited the theatre, died there, and was promptly removed to the infernal regions. His pastor protested against the disposition of the soul of his convert, and summoned the devil to show cause before the supreme judge. Nothing loth, the evil one appeared, and, in plain, which stands as the shortest and most successful on record. 'I found him on my premises and I took him.'"

The other story describes how a backsliding son of Christian parents, in the course of his abandonment to the sinful pleasures, determined to go to the theatre. As he was looking for the entrance that suited his means he heard a harsh voice cry aloud, 'Alms! In his ear, it seemed, 'This way to the pit, this way to the pit.' The horrors of the waxed conscience, and he fled. Mr. Stead confessed, however to an intense love for dramatic literature, and made a strong plea for the revival of the village drama in England."

The first real play he saw was the 'Passion Play' in Oberammergau in 1890, and the reverent and beautiful portrayal of the story that transformed the world gave him a new sense of the reality of the gospel history and a renewed zeal in the service of God and man. In spite of his total abstinence from theatre-going his position as a public man often brought him into contact with the English dramatic artists, and he found many worthy people among them. Some little time ago he announced his intention of going to a theatre and seeing a play at first hand. He chose Mr. Tree's production of 'The Tempest', and afterwards in the 'Bell' reviews of the many avenues of thought which it opened out. The character of Caliban, suggestive of the half-animal criminal class of society, he found especially and pathetically suggestive. He has since visited the theatre frequently, and has given frequent and, on the whole, discriminating criticism of current drama in the 'Reviews', and elsewhere. He says he has found current plays twenty per cent good, twenty per cent bad, and the remaining sixty per cent indifferent, many of them with a leaning toward badness. He would encourage the good, believes that everything should be done to eliminate the bad, and to raise the tone of the indifferent so that if they could not provide instruction they would at least yield healthy amusement."

Many people beside Mr. Stead have changed their minds in regard to the theatre, says the Montreal Witness. Instead of wholesale condemnation there is considerable toleration. In families where a quarter of a century ago young people were guarded against the theatre as if it were a plague, they now attend the theatre without let or hindrance. In fact, there is no doubt that in many cases, this is the small world in which I live, were almost invariably people to whom life was not a serious thing. And among those who did go it always seemed to me that the best of them, the excitement and the play itself tended not to righteousness, but to the reverse, to self-indulgence, which often began with drink and led to licentiousness. There is a growing feeling among thoughtful people that there should be some possibility of discrimination, some education of young people so that they could enjoy an innocent and inspiring play and avoid a bad one as they would a bad picture or a bad book. The theatre should certainly be seen

and to none as a vehicle of rich instruction and pure pleasure. It has been so in bygone ages. The Greek tragedies were marvels both in beauty of diction and sublimity of thought, and had a distinctly religious purpose. Whether the Hebrews had the drama in our sense of the word is uncertain, but the 'Song of Songs' and the 'Book of Job' are both cast in dramatic mould."

In the middle ages the miracle and mystery plays—from which the modern drama is directly descended—in spite of much that was grotesque—served a very useful purpose in vivifying the truths of religion for the unlettered people. It was at the Restoration that the drama fell into the depths of nastiness from which it now seems to be struggling. Such plays as 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back' and 'The Dawn of Tomorrow' have not only a kindly vein of healthy comedy, but a splendid and inspiring philosophy of life. Then there are Shakespeare's glorious creations, each of which is an education in itself. And there are many on a less lofty plane than that held by the prince of dramatists, which yet possess intrinsic value."

Mr. Willard's 'Benjamin' and Sir John Hare's 'Benjamin' in 'A Pair of Spectacles' will be gratefully remembered by all who were fortunate enough to see them. There are also simple dramas of home life such as 'The Parish Priest', 'The Old Homestead', and 'The House Next Door', which are bright, clean and artistic. And there have been plays of the 'cloak and rapier' order—'Cyrano de Bergerac', 'If I Were King', and 'A Gentleman of France'—much smiled at by superior persons, but indicating valuable lessons in courage, resourcefulness, and the supreme value of honor. There are certainly enough good plays to render it quite unnecessary for people to attend bad or even doubtful ones. That such have not come to Montreal in large numbers in the past was ascribed by the local managers to the public. But the crowded houses that have witnessed and enjoyed two or three recent plays of the highest type have given the managers their answer. The public has a right to expect nothing but the best—the best in the fullest sense of the word, the Witness concludes."

THE MIRROR.

(Continued from page two.)

yard, near Cheapside, at 3s. 6d. a Bottle, with Directions.

I am sure Graydon's, or the Edmonton Drug Company, or McCallum's or any Saturday News drug advertiser could concoct them for you. A little "blushing color" to some cheeks, would be an improvement."

Here is a recipe for plum puddings culled from the albums of certain great-grandmothers, which may be far from unacceptable to their descendants—

Mother Eve's Pudding (Old English Recipe).

Take two pennyworth of eggs, when twelve for a gross.

Well pared and well chopped, at least half a dozen.

Six ounces of currants from the spoon you must sort.

Or they will break your teeth and spoil all your sport.

Five ounces of bread, let your maid eat the crust.

The crumb must be grated as small as the dust.

Five ounces of sugar won't make it too sweet.

Some salt and some nutmeg to make complete.

Three hours let it boil without hurry or fluster.

And then serve it up with good melted butter.

N.B.—An improvement to Mother Eve's pudding would be a glass of surra—C. B.

A Scotch Plum Pudding—Half a pound raisins, half a pound beef suet, quarter of a pound bread-crumbs, half a pound white sugar, a small pot of Double marmalade, six ounces of candied peel, and five eggs will be in a mixed lot.

This is the sauce for it: Take two ounces sifted white sugar, two ounces fresh butter, and two ounces sweet almonds pounded. Beat the butter to a cream, then add sugar and almonds and rather less than a wine-spoonful of brandy. The sauce must be served cold.

An Irish Plum Pudding (a very old and delicious recipe)—Take two pounds each of stoned raisins, moist sugar (dark coloured), beef suet, chopped very fine, and of cleaned currants, quarter of a pound each of candied lemon, orange and citron, and grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg.

Mix all thoroughly, and, if not wanted immediately, put into a jar and pour on a glass of whisky. So far it must be prepared a fortnight before required. To mix the pudding, beat twenty eggs, add two good tablespoons of treacle, a glass of whisky, and all the other ingredients which you have prepared, and mix thoroughly. Put a cloth, and slightly dust it with flour, tie the pudding up, and at once put into a pot of boiling water, which should cover it: boil six hours.

A Shropshire Plum Pudding—One pound each of flour, moist sugar, raisins and currants, a pound and

a quarter of suet, six eggs, three ounces of mixed peel, a pinch of salt, a little ginger, one nutmeg, a wine glass of brandy, and the same of strong ale. To be boiled not less than nine hours. Sauce: Shropshire dotted cream, with sugar and powdered nutmeg.

Peggy

FINDING LOST THINGS IN GERMANY.

(From Le Cri de Paris.) Take care how you pick up a thing that is lost in Berlin. The other day one of our deputies, a young Prussian captain on his return from the congress at Frankfurt noticed a key at the edge of the sidewalk. He picked it up to hand it to a police agent. The representative of the city police refused to take it, saying: "You should take this key to the special bureau of things that are lost."

"Very well, where is it?" The agent named the street.

"Is it far from here?"

"A half hour, three-quarters of an hour if you don't walk rapidly."

The deputy replaced the key on the pavement. "Someone else will pick it up," he said.

"Not at all," said the agent in a commanding tone. "You should have left it where it was, but now you are obliged to go to the bureau. If you don't I'll make a complaint against you, and you'll be fined, perhaps given a day in prison. That's the law."

The deputy was compelled to obey orders. Since that day he carries his hands in his pockets.

THE WIND IN THE LEAVES.

The wind that moves among the leaves.

Is some slim maiden gone perceive

Who evermore her magic weaves,

And dances;

You hear her feet so soft as thistles:

And then the silken swirl of sleeves:

Fluttered along the forest's caves,

She leans and whispers in the ear

Of every wild flower something

How to protect their hearts from fear.

Of dying:

Then take the thistle's feathery sphere

And glimmers it across the mere

Or on a cobweb, trailing clear,

Goes flying.

The butterfly, that comes and goes

She tosses on the wildwood rose;

And, standing on an elm tree's top,

She teases

The calyxed bud that winces; then

Into each bud till wide it grows;

And swift the musk that it it glows

Then, fairy-fair, away she trips.

Let perfume on her wildwood lips.

To where, with twinkling finger-tips,

Day's daughter, comes the sun.

Dusk waxes her where the silence

Slips;

Then from her gown of light she slips

And with the star of twilight dips,

The water.

The Outland.

A "You're a Liar" Ticket.

Some of the retired officers at the Army and Navy Club amused themselves yesterday by nominating a ticket for 1912. Wilson was chosen as Democratic candidate on a "platform."

"The Middle Road," "Reform," and "Peace" should be put up as the candidates for President and Vice-President on the other ticket," suggested one of the society.

"On what platform?" asked his friend.

"On the platform 'You're a Liar!'"

The suggestion was greeted with enthusiasm—New York Sun.

ABBOTSFORD.

The present estate of Abbotsford was formed during the years 1811 to 1817 from various small farms, the first one purchased bearing the "harmonious designation" Clarry Hole.

After Sir Walter Scott's death in 1832, a committee of friends collected \$8,000 toward the redemption of the estate, and Mr. Cadell, the publisher, contributed the rest on receipt the rights over Scott's works. The library and museum had been given some years before by the creditors.

As his son, Lieut.-Col. W. Scott, died on his way from India, the property descended to his son-in-law, J. R. Lockhart, and thence to his daughter's husband, J. R. Hope-Scott.

His daughter held the estate for some years. Many Scott relics are preserved in the house, notably his hair and writing table in the study and his hat and gloves in the hall.—London Evening Standard.

Thomas Embankment Literature. A correspondent has been enquiring into the literature favored by the submerged tenth of the Thames Embankment.

"If they are like the picturesque rhapsodists of Ouida's imagination they keep these precious volumes in their pockets," he writes. "A few of them have got out of date, however, there have been many of the comic or weeklies of the domestic type. But what astonished me the other morning was to see a man reading a grimy volume entitled 'The Bankruptcy Act.' Most curious still, one of the men was an old man, reading a copy of the 'Penny News' edition of Morris' 'Earthly Paradise.' Let us hope the found it

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WINDSOR HOTEL

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Commodious and luxurious accommodation

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In his surroundings, for he looked as if he had not tasted Paradise for many a long day.—Liverpool Post.

OUR STOCK OF

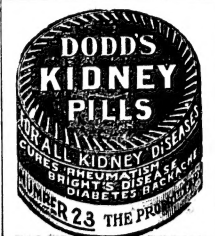
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TO MAKE THIS PROPOSITION DOUBLY PROFITABLE AND INTERESTING, WE ARE HAVING A GUESSING CONTEST which will take place with the Auction Sale of the unsold portion of the Camrose Townsite. As previously advertised, on Saturday last at twelve o'clock a small glass bottle was filled with large and small beans and sealed in the presence of the public with the seals of the following well known responsible firms, namely—The Crystal Palace Clothing Co., American Shoe Store, Dobell & Co., and Edmonton United Aids.

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2. Cottage Organ, Geo. H. Suckling, Harmony Hall, value \$125.
3. Saddle Horse, to be selected
4. Underwood Typewriter, Underwood Typewriter Co., First St., value \$125.
5. Cutter, J. A. Powell & Co., Fraser and Rice, value \$60.
6. Sewing Machine, Singer Machine Co., 251 Jasper W., value \$50.
7. Gent's Stock Saddle, J. E. Clark, 47 Jasper W., value \$10.
8. Lady's or Gent's Gold Watch, Jackson Bros., value \$25 and \$30.

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The purchasers of lots will have one guess for every lot purchased at the number of beans in this bottle. The opening of the bottle and the winners of the prizes will be made known immediately after all of the 450 lots have been sold. The date and time of opening the bottle will be advertised and a committee of several of the purchasers will be asked to witness the counting of the beans, when the eight nearest guesses to the correct number of beans will receive the prizes in order respectively. Should two guess the same number the value of the prize or prizes will be divided.

The Saturday News

An Alberta Weekly Review

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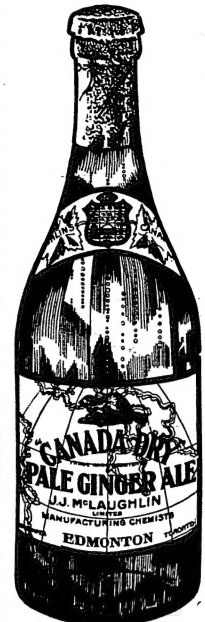
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next sack of flour ask
for our "WHITE ROSE"

Fancy Patent Flour
Handled by all grocers and Flour
dealers. Every sack guaranteed

Campbell & Ottoewell

HOME AND SOCIETY
(Continued from Page Five.)

Mrs. Percy Hardisty was the hostess of a large and very well done tea on Friday last, when the guests turned out in their best frocks and furbelows to do honor to this charming young matron who numbers her friends by practically everyone who knows her.

The tea table was in charge of Mrs. Biggar and Miss Crosskill, and Mrs. Baldwin served the ices.

The table was a lovely arrangement of pink carnations on airy-fairy centrepieces of pink and white tulle. Rose-petalled pink candle shades were also employed, adding to the pretty effect.

Besides Mrs. Sifton's guests I noticed, Mrs. Cawley, Mrs. Donald Macdonald, and Miss Kerr, Madame Cauchon, Mrs. Herbert of London, Eng. Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. J. H. Morris, Mrs. D. L. Scott, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Howard Douglas, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Dickey, Mrs. Frith, and a great many other well-known people.

The Ladies' Afternoon Bridge Club met at Mrs. Scott's on Thursday. This will be the last meeting before Christmas.

Mrs. Tierney came on from the coast on Tuesday to visit her daughter, Mrs. J. K. Cornwall. The Cornwalls have taken the Harry Cooper's residence until after Christmas.

Mrs. Woods returned to her home in Calgary on Monday evening.

Mrs. Nolan and Mrs. Sisley also departed on Wednesday for the Southern City. All three Calgary visitors have had a perfectly glorious visit, as the guests of Premier and Mrs. Sifton, being feted and dined and entertained to such an extent that I am afraid even their beloved Calgary will seem a trifle tame on their return.

Mrs. Donald W. Macdonald is giving a birthday party on Saturday at Gloucester for her four-year-old daughter, Kathleen, when I believe about twenty-five wet tots and their dotting mamas will be present.

Mrs. Van Wart left on Monday for her home in Calgary, after a strenuous fortnight's visit at the Capital.

Mrs. M. R. Jennings' matinee Bridge on Saturday in honor of her guest, Mrs. Bert Woods of Calgary, was a pleasant gathering together of a number of congenial people. Mrs. Jennings is a charming hostess and her house on Thirtieth St. one of the most artistically furnished homes at the Capital.

On Saturday she received in a fetching frock of white linen, handkerchiefs in a lovely shade of old blue, and Mrs. Woods wore a very smart terra cotta gown after the modish Paisley shawl pattern, with some exquisite coral ornaments, notably a very beautiful necklace.

Four tables engaged in play, the guests being: Mrs. Metcalfe, Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. J. H. Morris, Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Bower Campbell, Mrs. Scoble, Mrs. J. C. Chadwick, Mrs. Kerr of Strathcona, Madame Cauchon, Mrs. Howard Douglas, Mrs. Clark Dennis, Mrs. Balmer Watt, Miss Hulspeeth, Miss Ferris, and Mrs. Farquharson.

Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Nolan, Mrs. Sisley, Mrs. Van Wart, Mrs. Cross and the table was exquisitely laid with the daintiest china, and some splendid yellow mums queneed it in the centre.

Mrs. Dickins and Mrs. Morris carried home the pretty trophies for highest scores.

On Tuesday Mrs. Gillespie had a delightful little luncheon of ten covers.

Mrs. Sisley of Calgary being the raison d'être. Mrs. Sisley and the hostess and most of the guests, nearly all came from Lindsay, Ont., so that it was a very jolly, congenial, and reminiscent party altogether. The table decorations were pink groves in a tall cut-glass vase on a lovely lace centre, and Mrs. Gillespie received in a handsome black chiffon toilette over satin with jet ornamentation. Mrs. Sisley wearing a charming gown of white velvet striped marquisette, with a col-welby yoke, and a den berthe of exquisite lace. Her jewels were pearls and her hat a large picture shape of old blue with a crown of chintz and a long graceful shaded plume.

The invited guests, were: Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Clark Dennis, Mrs. Nolan, Mrs. D. S. Mackenzie, Mrs. K. B. Mackenzie, Mrs. Whittaker, Mrs. Carmichael, and Mrs. Blain.

Mr. and Mrs. K. B. Mackenzie moved into their delightful new residence on Twenty-Third St. early in the week, and are busy getting settled.

The Humane Society Ball takes place in the Separate School Hall this Friday evening, and from all indications will be a very successful dance. The cause is so very worthy a one and the need of funds for carrying on the work so great, I hope the affair will receive the liberal patronage it deserves.

At the Lieutenant-Governor's dinner on Tuesday night in the dining-room of the King Edward Hotel, I hear the decorations and menu were both very fine. Red and white roses and red and white carnations were the flowers em-

played, the beautiful room being draped with the national flags and bunting and presenting a brilliant scene as the seventy-five guests took their seats.

The bill of fare was a triumph of its kind, and held the attention of the company until a late-early hour.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Culbert of Ottawa, gave a box party for the Welsh Choir Concert, his guests being Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Scoble, Mrs. Mays, Mr. and Mrs. Balmer Watt, and Mr. Palmer. Later the party went on to the King Edward Grill for supper, where the table was exquisitely arranged with a huge basket of pink mums, while long trailing strands of smilax fell in graceful curves all over the board tied every little space with knots of brownish pink daisies. Quite the loveliest supper table arrangement I have seen attempted in Edmonton. The menu was a most elaborate one and excellently served.

Major and Mrs. Constantine have moved from Maple Creek to Prince Albert, the Major having transferred to the R.N.W.M.P. command in the latter town, changing places with Major Beggs.

Last week the Rev. W. K. Simpson of Kalar, B. C., a well-known horseman, was accidentally killed while horse-back riding near his home.

Much sympathy will go out to Mrs. Buleya and Mr. Havelock Rabbit from friends in Edmonton. I hear no definite plans have been made for Mrs. Buleya's immediate return to town.

I have been so late with my social news this week, that I have no space for a description of the A Squadron night, which took place on Monday night with great success. Unfortunately a prior engagement prevented my being present, but I hear, on every side, that it was a most enjoyable affair, and that a large number were present.

Miss Phillips of Montreal will give a lecture on, and a display of, Arts and Crafts handwork, in the old Post Office at 3:30 on Tuesday afternoon. The work is to be well-known to need any advertisement from me, but I was asked to mention that a wide range of articles would be for sale, and to bespeak from the people of Edmonton their interest in what our West should prove, a decidedly successful industry.

Miss Cornelia Hughes is home from a very enjoyable visit to the Maritime Provinces.

On Dec. 1st Mr. Geo. H. Suckling, of Harmony Hall, is a well-known pianist, together with Maurice Eisner, the latest European pianist to spring into fame, to entertain Mr. Suckling, besides being the very successful presiding genius of Harmony Hall, is a missionary. A missionary or preparer of the way for a fine musical taste and appreciation to take root in Edmonton. I pray you encourage him, if he hadn't the faith and courage of a zealot, he wouldn't attempt what he is doing.

Mr. Suckling's son and his wife arrive from the Okanagan Valley this week to make their home in the Capital. Mr. Henry Suckling assuming charge of the concert arrangements of Harmony Hall, and also taking the department of the sale of the Victor instruments.

Mrs. Campbell Carmichael's tea in honor of Mrs. Sisley on Tuesday, was almost a continuation of Mrs. Gillespie's luncheon, the guests going on from the one to the other. Mrs. Carmichael's reception gown was of green taffeta, with rich oriental embroideries, introducing gold and pink tones. Mrs. Sisley wore the same costume as at the luncheon, and was very much admired.

The decorations in the reception room were fragrant red, white and pink roses, while the tea table was artistically and strikingly done in splendid white mums set in a wreath of maiden-hair fern on a lace centre crystal candle lights, unshaded, were also part of the effective scheme. Mrs. Gillespie and Mrs. Harcourt poured tea the first hour, being later relieved by Mrs. Harry Williams and Mrs. Strong, Mrs. W. C. Inglis serving the ices. Miss Kennedy, Miss Davies, Miss Lambly and Miss Stocks were the four most attentive assistants.

Mrs. Clark Dennis's Bridge-Dance on Saturday night drew together a smart company of guests, all of whom enjoyed thoroughly the only two short hours before midnight. The affair was very informal and corresponding-ly delightful. A short time before midnight, a delicious supper was served.

Mrs. Duncan Smith had a huge Bridge Party of fourteen tables on Tuesday night, mostly composed of the younger set, with just a wee leavening of marrieds, and everyone had a good game and a most enjoyable evening.

Mrs. Smith wore a handsome gown of jetted sequins, and looked very smart and striking. The prizes were carried off by Miss Geach, Miss Ferris, Mr. Dolly Farmer and Mr. Spratt.

A great many friends will be pleased to hear that Mr. Nash is making a fine recovery from his recent operation.

Mrs. Dr. Munroe will receive for the first time since her marriage on Wednesday, Nov. 20, from 3:40 to 6 at 15 McDougall Court and afterwards will receive the third Thursday in every month.

NEW ARRIVALS

We have just received a shipment of

Ladies' Sweater Coats

in Tan and Garnet and Plain White with military collar and Plain White from

\$3.50 to \$5.00

Short silk Dressing Sacques, Japanese style from

\$4 to \$5

The Purvis Co., Ltd.

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